

Further Advice
TO A
PAINTER.
OR,

Directions to draw the
Late Engagement Aug. 11th 1673.

Hor. de arte Poet.

——— Pictoribus atq; Poetis,
Quidlibet audiendi semper fuit æqua potestas.

L O N D O N,

Printed for R. Vaughan in the Little Old Baily, 1673.

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Another Advice to a PAINTER ;

OR,

Directions how to draw the Late Engagement, August 11th. 1673.

Painter, prepare thy Pencil yet once more,
And taking Prospect from the *Belgian* Shore,
Draw me Two Royal Fleets, conjoyn'd in one,
Ready to part that Stake that's to be won ;

Cover the Sea, and all their Squadrons draw
In such thick Forrests as the Sun ne're saw :

Thence back into the Land casting thy Eye,
Draw all the Beacons flaming in the Skye ;
And, if thou can'st, draw the confused Roare
Of People running to defend their shore :
Paint all that Fear and Consternation can
Raise in the Visage of despairing Man,
And let the Figures a proportion hold
With Mothers loosing Sons, and Misers Gold.

But e're these Colours in the life thou lay,
Turn thy designing Face another way ;
Look from the *South-West* Coast there creeps along
An Adverse Fleet, as numerous and as strong ;
Wary, yet Bold, who long conceal'd had lain
Fenc'd in by Sands, the Citadels o'th Main ;
But griev'd to see their Country thus oppress'd,
Like Lyons rous'd, come rampant from their rest,
Stretching for strength ; And as along they stand,
Refresh their men, and check their fears on Land ;
Who heartned thus, on Board in Clusters crowd
To have a share in their defence grown proud,

Vowing to chace these Objects of their fear,
And make them for their Insolence pay dear:

" *Cowards will turn if you too hard pursue;*

" *Then think what Courage in Despair will doe.*

Now Painter close the Scenes, and shew thy Skill,
Teaching thy Pencil some hid Arts to kill;
Look how the Royal Fleets stand both prepar'd
To act so much more than the Assailors dar'd;
That, lest they should in Courage seem behind,
Rather then wave the Fight, they'l lose the Wind.

But least the Blood and Horrour thou must paine,
In such a dismal Fight, should make thee faint,
Spread some few dashes over like a Cloake,
And hide these Cruel Scenes in Fire and Smoake:

Only be kind to every Gull that blew,

And then some Brave Commander set in view.

First draw *D'Estrees* appointed to receive

The Charge that Furious *Bankert* came to give;

Bankert who led the *Zealand* Force that day;

Who us'd to be the first that forc'd their way;

But with that glory they must now dispence,

The White Flag carried so much Innocence,

That maugre all opposure it could find;

D'Estrees 'tis said charg'd through and Gain'd the Wind;

There bravely daring his Proud Foe he staves,

And all the Terrour of the Fight surveys;

" Thus Hawks by hovering o're their heads would fright

" The hardy Bustard which they doubt to strike.

Yet *Estivall* by Partial Canon sell,

And prov'd not like his Ship *Invincible*;

Bravilly, Sepville, Daily, many more,

Gave all the marks undaunted courage wore:

But see what 'tis to fight 'gainst Thick-skin'd *Dutch*,

They seem'd not to have receiv'd the smallest touch:

" Thus Fellons mark'd with a cold Brand, will shout,

" Clap their mouth too't, and quickly bite it out.

The

The Prince could not the like advantage find,
 For subtle Ruyter kept too close the Wind;
 Ruyter, who long his Countreys Guard has bin,
 Piecing their Lyon's tayl with his Fox-skin,
 The Fabim of the Holland Commonweath,
 Hovering in clouds and charging does by stealth;
 Who making Victory his only aime,
 Judges aright, Advantage is no shame;

Therefore for it with settled courage waites,
 Then acts his part, and leaves the rest to fates.

So now his Canon on the Prince he plyes,
 Who briskly fights, though seemingly he lyes;
 And whilst De Ruyter presses in his wake,
 'Gainst so much odds such fierce returns does make;
 As all th'Assailors fury do's Out-doe;

For who dare Charge the Prince and Sovereign too.

"The wary on advantage fight secure,

"But he is brave dare their assaults endure;

The Prince do's more, he turns and Canon vyes,
 And with his louder Roarings rends the Skves;
 Piercing the Winds, De Ruyter's sides he galls;
 But here the brave Le Naue unitinely falls;
 And Reeves greedy of Honour, do's obtain
 It, at no less a rate, but much more paine.

Mean while the Prince is so encompass'd round,
 That Echoes subalternately rebound
 From either side, Nor is his Stern-chace free,

"Glory and Danger still Companions be.

As a Fierce Lions prest to a bay,
 Surrounded by the Hunters every way;
 Eager to save her Young she knows hard by,
 And fears to danger may exposed ly;
 Doth with her Horrid Roarings fill the Aire,
 Making her Tayl and Sides the Consort bear,
 With Love and with Disdain Enraged grows,
 And at one Onsett Horse and Man o'rethrowes

Whatever

Whatever dares *Oppose* her *Fury*, dyes,
And through all *Hazards* to their ayd she flies.

So the Brave *PRINCE* having amaz'd his *Foe*,
And knowing well the *Care* that *Generalls* owe
To their whole *Fleet*, whose *Safety* do's depend
On *Vigilance*, looks out whom to defend;
And first do's down to *Valiant Chicheley* steer,
Hard set by *Two Vice-Admirals* and a *Rear*;
Soon clearing him, he forward takes his way,
Where all the *Stress* of this *Great Battail* lay,
Where *Right* to *Worlds*, rather than to the *Flag*,
Seem'd hard disputed between *Trump* and *Spragg*.

"Oh *Painter*! couldst thou find a *Secret* art

"To draw this *Fight* to'th *life* in every part,

"To separate the *Fire* from the *Smoake*,

"And clear those *Clouds* which do great *Actions* choak,

"The fam'd *Apelles* should thy *Vassal* bee,

"And *Angelo*, his *Pencill* yield to thee.

All that have heard from the loud voice of *Fame*,
Of mighty *Trumps* and *Spragg's* once greater *Name*,
Been told the *Several Hazards* they have run;
The *Battails* One has lost, and t'other won;
Both bravely, both with utmost *Valour* done;
Cannot but think when they were once engag'd,
The *Elements* themselves must seem enrag'd;

"As *Friends*, turn'd *Rivalls* in a *Female* suit,

"Make *Jealousie* from *Kindness* spread its root;

"*Rivalls* in *Honour* the same course pursue,

"And love that *Glory* which they would undoe.

Thus *Spragg* and *Trump* with *Equal Souls* Endow'd,
Thought each to th'others *Glory* seem'd a cloud:
Both *Hearts* of proof, but with this difference, *Spragg*
Could only act, *Trump* can both act and brag.

Draw them then, *Painter*, as they did Engage
In *Flames* their *Thirty Honour* to all wage,
Draw *Bullets* making through each others side,
Harbours, where *Shallops* might in safety ride:

Till

Till *Trump* at last a furious Chain-shot flings,
 Gives *Spragg* the Check, and cuts away his wings;
 But make him still the Battail to renew,
 By changing Ship, and forcing *Trump* to't too.

But *Painter*, now th'unlucky Pencil burn,
 Or in unhappy fables let it mourn,
 Curs'd be those shot so fatally did range.
 To force brave *Spragg* unto a second Change :
 And *Trump* himself, if he's to Honour true,
 Will Execrate that hand the Bullet threw ;
 Which led by fate did through the *St. George* flye,
 And made an Admiral in a Cock-Boat dye.

Trump Ignorant of his Rival's Fate, still plyes
 To burn the unwing'd Ship, or make it Prize,
 Briskly he do's on its Defendants bear,
 But found, alas ! that *OSSORY* was there ;
 He knew his Courage, and from Fame had learn'd
 How Brave he was, and yet how unconcern'd :
 Thought it no blemish if Retreat he made
 Before that Valour, Honour only sway'd.

Yet e're he parts the *Henrietta* Yatch
 The last Effects was of his Fury taught ;
 This little Vessel full of Spirit, Gay
 Without, as any Lady of the May ;
 Within Deckt with a Valiant Soul, whose Heart
 Could not admit him from his Adm'ral part ;
 His Love adventring past his Strength, is drencht,
 And in the briny Wave his Passion quencht.
 Poor Triumph ! where the odds so mighty were ;
 Yet *Amsterdam* shall make't a Man of Warr,
 Kill all were sav'd, but ne're tell how the rest
 Strove to revenge so small a thing oppress.

Kempthorne who in all Fights has Wonders wrought ;
 Sends a large Ship to *Neptune* for a draught ;
 While *Washbourn* thinking that did not suffice
 To his *Libation* adds a Sacrifice

But.

But who can every single Action tell,
 Each strove in Fight each other to excell;
 And though describing it exceed all Art,
 Yet *Howard*, *Courtesy*, *Jennings*, felt the smart.
 In short, these did what ever Men could do,
 But wisht in vain Others had done so too.

Mean while the *Prince* again renew's the Fight,
 And holds it on till the approaching Night:
 And now afresh were Acts of Horror done,
 Till the *Dutch*, tired with the declining Sun,
 Did by a swift Retreat to their own Coast
 Confess they had but little cause to boast,
 Acknowledging the summe of all their gain,
 Was Two Brave Captains and Three Admirals slain,

But when they hear how *Spragg* and *Reeves* are gone,
 They'l think our Valour still by theirs Out-done.
 Now *Painter* do but draw some few strokes more;
 But change thy Fancy from the Sea to Shore,
 Draw me a City *Coffee-House*, and there
 Let all the tattling croud in rounds appear,
 Venting according to each several Vein,
 The Malice or the Whimsy of their Brain;
 Let one accuse our Courage, t'other show
 How thus it might be done, or so, or so:
 Whilst yet so Dull and Ignorant they bee,
 Except in Paint, they ne're saw Ship nor Sea;
 But if those Mad-brain'd Fools appear in fight,
 Who yet dare argue that the *Dutch* won't fight,
 And of their Folly won't convicted bee,
 Draw me an Act to send them all to Sea.



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